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THE Tears of the Muses;

IN A

CONFERENCE,

BETWEEN

Prince GERMANICUS,

AND A

Male-content Party.

Mr Gragg
Mr Potter
Mr Belcher
Mr Turner
Mr Milson

LONDON:
Printed for T. WARD, near *Pater-noster Row*.

M.DCC.XXXVII.

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TO THE

Right Honorable, and Publick-Spirited,

The Preſident, Officers, *and* Committee,

OF THE

SOCIETY

FOR

Encouragement *of* LEARNING.

My Lords, and Gentlemen,

LEST it ſhou'd be conſider'd as a Diſregard of Propriety, when a Poem of a *Satirical* Species, is addreſs'd to the Patronage moſt diſtinguiſh'd for Extent of Humanity, pleaſe to receive it, as a poetical *Janus*; of whoſe Oppoſite two Faces, the faireſt and beſt drawn you will find to be *Panegyric*.

BUT, on That Side, you were *attach'd*. — And, ſuch devoted Admirers of the *Life* wou'd with Difficulty have been brought to allow a *Reſemblance* in the *Picture*. Whereas, on the Side of the *Satire*, you cou'd not poſ-

ſibly be Parties concerned: and were, therefore, beſt qualify'd, to judge it, impartially.

YET, ſince it is not by any Merit of mine, that you are ſo ſafe on the Satirical Quarter, It was fit I ſhou'd do *ſomething*, that might have room to expect your Acknowledgment. I have, therefore, declin'd any *Encomium* on your generous Society; or on Any of its particular Members: tho', to Every Reader, *not ſuch*, It wou'd have increas'd the *Delight* of the Poem.

BUT, You are ſuch Enemies to every Kind of *Corruption*, that I apprehended the very Appearance, of an Attempt at evading your *Judgment*, by engaging your *Generoſity* in my Favour.

IN this Situation, there are preſerv'd to you all the natural Rights of the *Critic*. Yet, I am under no Pain from the Uſe you may make of that Freedom: For, what candid Writer wou'd wiſh to eſcape a Reproach, where, being ſure of its *Juſtice*, he can be made but the Wiſer, from Effect of its *Severity*? And, as to the more deſirable *Reverſe* of the Proſpect, no Man is in Danger of miſſing your *Approbation*, unleſs he has, no where, *deſerved* it.

THE *Muſes* have uſed you too kindly, not to expect your *Concern*, for the Fate you will find 'em reduc'd to: And, to hear of *your* Grief, and good Wiſhes in their Behalf, may, from the Knowledge they have of your *Conſequence*,

quence, deserve to be thought little less, than a *Balance*, for the Neglect they are under, from Thousands.

But, to speak a plain Truth, without *Metaphor*, whatever Advantage the Poetical World wou'd have deriv'd from imaginary *Muses*, might be, *really*, an Effect, of some such confederate Influence as yours, in good Earnest exerted.

How many great and desirable Changes in literate Taste, may we not reasonably expect, from the associated Prevalence of Numbers, united, as *you* are, upon the most generous Principle in Nature, an unprofitable and voluntary Pursuit of the Benefit of Others, from Effect of your own Cost, and Labour?

To instance, in One, the most obvious and easy of many: How soon wou'd our present low Relish for *dramatical Buffoonery* give Way, to your *nobler Example?* — persevering (indeed, with some necessary Obstinacy) to applaud, and support, good *Tragedy* and *Comedy*: till what is now but mere *Reason*, might have the Honour to be consider'd as *Fashion* — by Concurrence of your munificent Endeavours, but for one or two short Winters?

And, yet, what a National Deliverance were This! — With what Effusion of *unmercenary* Gratitude would it immortalize those generous Conquerors, who, protecting the noblest of our Youth from bad Principles, had, by expelling

expelling Mean-ſpiritedneſs, Corruption, and Folly, from our *Theatres*, intercepted them in their Paſſage upward, into Situations whence their Effects, extended wider, become in Proportion more dreadful.

WHATEVER Miſconceptions have ariſen, with View to your more immediate and particular good Purpoſe, from its Relation to the *Profeſſion* of a conſiderable Body, in Trade, whoſe Intereſt may appear to be concern'd, not in the *Intention*, but *Effect*, of your Eſtabliſhment, There will never, I am perſuaded, lie any Objection at all againſt this opener and eaſier Road, to the Redemption of one Branch of Polite Learning, that ſtands in too viſible Need of your Patronage.

AND, now, ſince All the Motive I had to this diſtant Addreſs was the Pleaſure of profeſſing, in public, my Reſpect for ſo *public* a *Spirit*; you will forgive me, that I with-hold from your Knowledge a Diſcovery of ſo little Importance, as the *Name*, of

My Lords, and Gentlemen,

Your devoted

Humble Servant,

The Author.

ADVERTISEMENT TO THE READER.

NOT assuming such an Air of Authority, as to give Rules, much less Examples, *of Writing, the Auther in the following Verses intended no more, than an humble Attempt, from mere private Curiosity, upon an Idea of* Satire, *which appear'd to be* New : *or not* practis'd.

There is indeed, something so like Cruelty *in the* Face *of that Species of Poetry, that it can only be reconcil'd to* Humanity, *by the general Benevolence of its* Purpose : *attacking Particulars, for the Public Advantage.*

But, methinks, It gives up this End, *(which is Reformation) when, mistaking the* Means, *It attempts the good Work with a Hand either too* rough, *or too* gentle.

In the first Case, It corrodes, *where It professes to* cure : *In the second, It is only sportive and wanton, with what It shou'd* correct, *and discountenance.*

The Medium *perhaps might be found, in an Art like that of the* Painters : *who, by opposing their* Shades *against* Lights, *call out Darkness into open Distinction.*

So,

So, Enormities, which Satirists *wou'd censure, are but dimly and imperfectly mark'd, till the* Defect *admits Disgrace, from the Neighbourhood of* Perfection. —— *Then Contempt stings more sharply, in* One, *by the compar'd Admiration of the* Other. *Besides, that the Censur'd are driven, at the same Time, from their last little Refuge of Vanity, and can no longer recriminate upon the Censurer his* Ill-nature, *and Malevolence of Purpose.*

I am afraid, there is another Particular, that calls aloud for the Regard of the Satirist: *and That is, a Reflexion, how far Decency may make it a* Duty, *to abandon his personal Self, and insinuate Opinions, with* Modesty. *I mean from the Mouth of some* figurative Speaker, *whom He ought to* suppose *of more Consequence; and whose Sentiments the Reader will* be sure *to receive with less Scruple.*

There is a Meaning, in the very Name, of a Poet, *that shou'd seem to prescribe us this Duty: And the Use and Necessity of* Invention *can never be more manifest, than where the Subject is so invidious, as* Satire.

Who is there, to see Truth so unguilty of the Follies of Life, that he dares, in his own proper Person, stand out and justify the Right he assumes, of reproaching the Conduct of Others?

Reproof is too bitter a Potion, to be welcome from our Sense of its Use. And the administring Hand shou'd be dear, not disgustful, if it would incline us to taste it, with Pleasure.

I thought it but necessary, to prefix this short Note, to an Essay toward a New Kind of Satire. *I will not pretend to assert my own System: because it is the most probable Thing in the World, that I shou'd conceive a* mistaken Idea. *Yet, since by frequent Attempts and Miscarriages, there are started, at least, some good Hints, He, whose false Steps have contributed, either to the Caution, or Direction, of Others, may be said to have erred, with* Good Fortune.

THE

THE

Tears of the Muſes;

A

POEM.

GERMANICUS, for Love, and Empire, born,
At once to *govern* Kingdoms, and *adorn*;
Too good for Greatneſs, but that Kings can *bleſs*,
Too firm for Fear, but of his *Friend*'s Diſtreſs;
Fore-temp'ring Pow'r by Reaſon's generous Plan,
To taſk the *Monarch*, meditates the *Man*.

In a Town Grove, whence Dryads *Noiſe* exclude,
And huſh loud Streets, to Sylvan Solitude,

~~Veil'd by a verdant Skreen's incircling Shade,~~

Whoſe angly Sides eight arching Lights pervade,
Friend to Mankind, their penſive Fav'rite ſtood;
Revolving precious Plans of purpos'd Good.

SOFT, to his Sight, a *Female Suppliant* preſs'd,
In all the ſpeaking Marks of Mis'ry dreſs'd:
Down-look'd, relax'd of Mien, oft bending, low;
Now ſtopping ſhort, now re-advancing, ſlow:
Pardon, ſhe cry'd, th' intruding Sighs of Grief;
Hope is the friendleſs Wretche's *laſt* Relief.

GERMANICUS, who when Diſtreſs draws nigh,
Catches quick Sorrow, from the Suff'rer's Eye,
With gentle Waft invites her back'ning Fears,
And ſmiles the Warmth of Pity on her Tears.

Her, while advancing, heedful he ſurvey'd,
Chance ſtretch'd his Eye to the remoter Shade:

Where,

Where, dimly obvious from the bord'ring Wood,
Dark'ning the Arches, Eight new Phantoms ſtood;
All, like the Firſt, thin Forms of ſhivering Woe,
Wept All —— in dumb, ſad, ſolemn, circly Show!

THINK, cry'd th' Approacher, proſtrate at his Feet,
How ſharp is Inſult! and Relief how ſweet!
Pity a wretched Siſterhood of Tears:
Nine friendleſs Mourners, whom no Comfort chears.
All Arts were Ours, that poliſh'd Life cou'd gain:
But Arts, and poliſh'd Life, were Ours in vain!
See! what Reward wiſh'd Knowledge cou'd impart!
Where Fool is Faſhion, Ignorance is *Art*!
Urg'd by Deriſion, and eſcaping Hate,
We, ſad, ſlow, Exiles, ſeek ſome gentler Fate.
To the bleak *North's* new-riſing Coaſts we go;
Leſs *cold* than Theſe, amidſt eternal *Snow*,
Glory's gay Beams, to whoſe felt Warmth we run,
More than ſupply the Abſence of their Sun.

There, mourning Merit cannot miſs Relief;
Where watchful *Pow'r* ſupplants *prevented* Grief.
Fam'd for Munificence, Thy princely Hand
Singly *abſolves* an unbeſtowing Land.
Ah! Save the Friendleſs — Help the Wrong'd away:
Too *poor* to go, yet too *un-lov'd* to ſtay!
Pay but wiſh'd *Paſſage* from this cruel Shore:
And never, never, will we truſt it more.

SCARCE had th' imploring Accents voic'd her Pray'r,
When the known Sounds and recollected Air
Through the falſe Semblance, natively convey'd,
To the charm'd Prince, a ſpeaking *Muſe*, betray'd.
Round, while, uncrediting the ſtoried Woe,
His curious Eyes diſcov'ring Glances, throw,
Th' examin'd Umbrage, as he turn'd, reveal'd
Each *Muſe*, that every diſtant Arch conceal'd.
Waiting impatient, for the finiſh'd Tale,
Quit your vain Hope, he cry'd, by *Want's* thin Veil

 Unbid,

Unbid, to 'ſcape the Rev'rence of my Zeal,
Who all your Power, through all your Changes, feel.

JOYFUL, He ſnatch'd th' Implorer from the Ground,
Then, turning graceful, bow'd progreſſive, round;
Preſs'd their joint Acceſs undiſguis'd and gay;
And ſhone, receptive of each effluent Ray.

SEATED, and circled by the beamy Train,
Their Shapes, reſuming, and Themſelves again,
Tell me, ſaid He —— Ye Soul-inſpiring *Nine!*
Ye living Fires, that give the Great, to *ſhine!*
Who, quick'ning Regal Courage into Flame,
Guide it, by Juſtice, to immortal Fame!
Why wou'd ye *leave* a Land diſtinguiſh'd, long,
For Love of Valour, and for Hate of Wrong?
Where Freedom unreſtrain'd her Empire holds,
And Legal Monarchy new Bloom unfolds?

He paus'd —— and Clio answering, thus began.

Periſh pale *Malice!* —— It oblit'rates *Man.*

Where Envy *blaſts*, the Muſe inſpires in vain;
No human Culture, there, extends its Reign.
Loſt in Malignity by civil Hate,
Virtues that claſh with Virtues curſe a State.
Stifled in Faction, Arts unfriended ſink:
Or, pigmy'd into partial Flatt'ry ſhrink.
Hiſt'ry muſt bluſh, the Wiles of *Spleen* to pen,
And grace the bloodleſs Broils of angry Men.

Smother'd in *Self*, there breathes no public Soul,
Where ſep'rate Strugglings gen'ral Strength controul:
There, Policy's old gen'rous Straitneſs *bends*;
And ſhifting *Medium* crawls, to ſidelong Ends.
There, Fraud *triumphant* tempts the Juſt to fall;
And every one Man's Gain is Loſs, to All.

There,

There, Love internally checking Sighs that roam,
Begins, and ends, all Charity, —— at Home!
Each Pray'r appropriates one Man's modeſt Aim:
And humbly ſues to *God* the Common Claim!
Cruſh'd by Contempt of Praiſe, *Exertion* dies:
And Public Spirit, laugh'd at, ſhuns to riſe.

THITHER when Hope miſleads th' Hiſtoric Muſe,
Swift let her ſeek ſome Scene of nobler Views.
Where guileleſs Bow'r no Praiſe to *Craft* aſcribes,
Where Courage ſcorns *Deceit*, and Duty —— *Bribes*.
Where nervous Meaning dares, *directly*, ſpeak:
And crooked Windings teach no Truth to *ſneak*.

'TIS *found* —— for, ſee! —— The icy *Pole* diſſolves!
Honour's new Warmth with ſunny Force evolves!
There, glows *Event!* There, more than *Roman* Arms
Claſh their *prophetic* Thunder's fear'd Alarms!

There,

There, the puls'd Public beats, in ev'ry Vein:
Strong, to one Purpoſe, lifts with equal Strain.
No *vile* Pretenſion, there, at *Titles* aims:
No Pride-ſwoln Lumber *lazy Lordſhip* ſhames.
There, ſhines the *Sword*, in Honour's guarded Track,
No Knighthood bluſhes, on a *Miſer*'s Back.
No bought Emblaz'nings Eminence efface,
No dirty Dignity ſublimes Diſgrace.
There, *Heroes* multiply; and labouring Fame
Grows buſy, —— to record each ſparkling Name.

She ceas'd. —— The Prince his Patriot Eyes withdrew,
Weigh'd the long Charge, and wiſh'd it, Half, untrue.
Sigh'd at the Waſte domeſtic Diſcord made:
And mourn'd unfriended Arts, by Spleen betray'd.
Then view'd the Siſters, re-prepar'd to hear:
While Erato, ſoft ſighing, charm'd his Ear.

Lur'd,

Lur'd, said the *am'rous* Muſe, from Realms above,
Pleas'd I deſcended on this Land of *Love*;
Look'd and *approv'd*: and form'd aerial Schemes,
Of heart-felt Tyes, and Hope's elusive Dreams;
Vainly propos'd — Each Sex by Each to mend;
And ſmooth the rugged Paths of Life, with *Friend*.
Snatch'd at *One* ſweet Example, *New* to *Fame*,
Urg'd its dear Pow'r, th' *Unhappier* to reclaim:
Miſguided Millions hail'd th' acknowledg'd Charms;
And lov'd Perfection, when it bleſs'd *Thy* Arms.
But, ah! too loſt a Length *Themſelves* were gone!
They worſhip'd, and confeſs'd: — but ſtill *ſoar'd* on.
Yet I, vain Hoper! Still new Helps apply:
And, ever failing, wou'd for ever *try*.
To ſlighted Beauty wou'd new Powers impart;
And ſtretch the aided Empire of the Heart.
Teach Man, that Woman's Strength in Softneſs lies;
Teach Woman, why the Modeſt charm the Wiſe.

Uſeleſs to Either, I from Both, remove.
Money's th' inſpiring *Muſe* of modiſh Love!
O'er Truth and Paſſion, Avarice prevails:
All Vows are venal, and all Sighs are *Sales*.
Int'reſt and Vanity, and Self, diſarm
Mutual Eſteem, till neither Sex can charm.
Then, blank unnatural Whims pervert Deſire:
Attraction failing, they exchange *Attire*.
Then, Man's *lac'd Lightneſs* apes the Lady's Air;
And bluff big Boldneſs *maſculates* the Fair.
With changing Sexes, Love's loſt Motives change,
From Wiſh to Wiſh the ſhort-liv'd Paſſions range.
Recorded Conſtancy becomes *Romance*:
And, among Millions, Two may love — by Chance!

Why ſhould I, then, ſupporting preſent Scorn,
Stretch my too patient Hope, to Times unborn?
When, to the *North*, where Nature ſhines unſtain'd,
Confiding Sexes love, with Faith unfeign'd.

Their

Their native Beauties, in no Clime excell'd,
To rising Force by conscious Worth impell'd;
While through the sparkling Eye taught Spirit breaks,
And the felt Lustre of their Fame partakes.

The Lover Prince unwillingly believ'd
Faults, which his nobler Nature scarce conceiv'd,
Touch'd for the Honour of the Human Heart,
His own glow'd painful, with ideal Smart.
When loftier Accents from Urania broke,
And snatch'd his lift'ning Soul, while *Science* spoke.

From Heav'n's unsounded Depth, she cry'd, I stole
Angelic Fire, and form'd a Newton's *Soul*,
Taught him the secret Walks of God to tread;
And 'twixt the starry Worlds his Spirit led:
All *Æther* op'ning to a Mortal's Eyes,
Till Earth sent Colonies, and held the Skies!

What King, for This, magnificently juſt,
Bleſs'd him in Life, or dignified his Duſt?
What voted Honours *mark* th' Aſpirer's Race?
What *thinking Statues* emulate his Face?
He, who immortaliz'd his Country's Name,
Beyond Ten Thouſand *Conqu'rors* bounded Fame,
He, who, to lift Mankind, new Heav'ns diſplay'd,
And every Human Breather nobler made,
Did He to public Fame All Nature raiſe?
And is He poorly left to private Praiſe!
In ſuch a Land, ah! what can Arts expect?
What Claim has hopeleſs Science, but Neglect?

O! Fate of wintry Worth, by Climate croſs'd!
Budding untimely, to be nip'd in Froſt!
NEWTON has multiplied the *Suns!* — yet pours
In vain, the Light of all their Orbs, on Ours.
When will th' incurious Courts, for which, He found
New Worlds, find Will to trace an Old one round?

What

What promis'd Penſion ſhips th' unſhaken Soul,
To dare Diſcov'ry, and ungloom the Pole?
What coaſting Keel, indenting *Southern* Strands,
Starts the long Shores of Cloud-benighted Lands?
No annual Bounty, perſevering, kind,
Draws the dark Veil, that covers half Mankind.
What regal Influ'nce, calling Learning's Birth,
Now, adds new Stars to Heav'n? or Arts, to Earth?
Who ſows Munificence, to root up Sloth,
And call forth Harveſts, of eternal Growth?

HAIL, to the Land, where War makes *Science* Room!
Where Realms from Deſarts riſe! and Ruins bloom!
Where Conqueſt, ſpreading to embrace Diſtreſs,
Lets looſe Ambition, not to waſte, but bleſs!
There, Pow'r inverts Deſtruction, into *Birth*;
And the *prolific* Sword empeoples Earth!
There, Deſolation, fruitful in Decay,
Fades, into Opulence, and ſtrengthens Sway.

There,

There, Ports (un-native) indrawn Seas confine:
And climbing Streams o'er channel'd Mountains ſhine.
There, public Splendor *ſwallows* private Pride,
And Claims which All Men ſhare in, All Men, *guide*.
There, Art rewarded, ſtrains excited Skill;
Till dazling Wonders wid'ning Empire fill.
The fierce free *Tartar* ſees the *Tartar taught*;
Grins, at advancing *Rule*, and pants for *Thought*.
Then, in long Link, new Nations forward draw:
And the drain'd Wilds of Nature crowd to *Law*.
Hail, promis'd Land! — All, now, that ſeems ſevere,
Is — that, removing hence, We leave YOU here.

URANIA ſtopp'd, and bow'd.—The Prince, whoſe Heart
Inly confeſs'd the Pow'r of cheriſh'd Art,
Nobly approving Praiſe, ſo juſtly warm;
Smil'd, conſcious of his inborn Right to charm.

NEXT,

NEXT, rose TERPSICHORE, —— melodious Muse!
Soft, her first Accents, like descending Dews:
Sweet, and slow-swelling, till in lively Sound,
Gay, to the ravish'd Ear, quick Trainpotts bound.
Tim'd to the tuneful Voice, each trembling Tree
Strain'd its tugg'd Roots, and labour'd to be free.
Warm'd through the wak'ning Stone, the sculptur'd Ear
Of every starting Statue seem'd to hear.
Air catch'd, and length'ning back the hazy Notes,
Curls, while the undulating Music floats.
Earth, list'ning, to inhale harmonious Pain,
Sigh'd it, in soft Vibration, back again.

PARDON a mourning Muse, that leaves, with Tears,
The Land, that lov'd GERMANICUS endears.
But, ah! what Toils, what Anguish, shalt thou bear!
What endless Labour must o'erload thy Care

Ere

Ere thy loft Views a Taſte like Thine, inſpire,
And ſparkling Kingdoms catch Thy manly Fire!

NEAR *Opera*'s fribling *Fugues*, what Muſe can ſtay?
Where wordleſs Warblings winnow *Thought*, away!
Muſic, when *Purpoſe* points her not the Road,
Charms, to betray, and ſoftens, to *corrode*.
Empty of Senſe, the Soul-ſeducing Art
Thrills a ſlow Poiſon to the ſick'ning Heart.
Soft ſinks *Idea*, diſſolute in Eaſe,
And all Life's feeble Leſſon is, to *pleaſe*.
Spirit, and Taſte, and generous Toil, take Flight:
And lazy Love, and indolent Delight,
And low luxurious Wearineſs of Pain,
Lull the loft Mind, and all its Powers are vain.

HENCE, to the Realms of *Fame*, ye Muſes, fly,
There, to the Drum's big Beat, the Heart leaps high.

There,

There, ſighing Flutes but temp'ring Martial Heat,
Teach diſtant Pity and Revenge to *meet*.
The manly Pipe, there, ſcorns th' expanded *Shakes*,
That wind wav'd Nothings, till Attention *akes*.
There *now*, concurring Keys and Chords increaſe
The Heart's ſoft ſocial Tyes, and cheriſh *Peace*.
Then, Trumpets, anſw'ring Trumpets, ſhrill, and far,
Swell to the ſounding Wind th' inſpiring *War*.
There, the rows'd Soul, in Exerciſe, grows ſtrong:
Nor *pools* to puddly Foulneſs, ſtopp'd, too long.
Strength'ning, and ſtrengthned by, the Poet's Fire,
There, Muſic's meaning Voice *exalts* Deſire.
There, Harmony not drowns, but quickens, Thought;
And Fools, unfeeling Words, by Notes are *caught*.

SOFT ſigh'd the Prince, for ſuff'ring Muſic, pain'd,
And POLYHYMNIA, riſing warm, complain'd.
Deign to be told, Impartial, Gen'rous, Wiſe!
Why fruitleſs *Eloquence* indignant flies.

Gall'd at loſt Time, in Cauſes vainly clear'd,
At Truths, *untouching*, and at Sounds, *unheard*;
Bluſhing, while Oratory's lab'ring Strains
On *Præ-deciſion*, waſte decided Pains;
And flouriſh'd Periods, to no Purpoſe *ſaid*,
Like Suns in Deſarts, without *Notice*, ſhine,
Hating *grave* Inſult, I diſdain to ſtay,
Where Talk but trifles, and where Tropes but play.
If ſerious Rhet'ric ſweats, where ſneering *Mutes*
Haſt'ning the hurried *Queſtion*, clop Diſputes;
If *Law* fells Argument, yet *Forms* muſt reign,
And, Cuſtom pleading, Equity is vain;
If the dark *Pulpit*'s ſhort myſterious Art
Lifts *Faith* to Heav'n; and damns the *Moral Heart*;
Bear me, diſhonour'd God! to ſome plain State,
Where Truth, in ſpite of *Aye* and *No*, is Weight.
Where Pleas of Right a reas'ning Bench perſuade,
And Juſtice ſcorns in *Precedent* to trade.

Where

Where no bold Blaſphemy wou'd Faith enſlave:
But, humble, honeſt, doubting, *Works* can *ſave*.

EUTERPE, watchful of her Siſter's Cloſe,
Snatch'd her ſunk Cadence, and impatient roſe.
Pleaſure, ſhe cry'd, is Mine; Mine, the gay Skill,
To paint the Fancy, and adorn the Will.
But, where dry *Avarice* has Taſte betray'd,
Pleaſure is *Robbery*, in *Maſquerade*.
Contending Sexes puſh One common Aim:
And Youth, and Wit, and Beauty, meet, to *game!*
At Cards to conquer, or at Dice to ſweep,
Is all the humble Joy, the *Poliſh'd* reap!

OR, if, aſpiring to robuſter Praiſe,
Some livelier Genius, Warmth more *active* ſways,
Then, frock'd in groomy Sleekneſs, tight, and ſmart,
The pert, capp'd, *Racer* dares the *Jockey's* Art.

At Stake and Plate, his Skill profoundly ſhewn,
He from his *Horſe*'s Worth, preſumes his own.

Or, nobly ſtung by *John* the *Coachman*'s Claim,
Climbing th' advent'rous *Box*, diſputes his Fame!
Scatt'ring malignant Duſt, cracks Voice and Thong,
Glows, for a Livery's *Right*, and burns along!
Proudly diſplay'd, looks back, and ſhouts, to find
Poor conſcious *John*, leſs glorious, hang behind:

Not *ſo*, th' *Olympian* Rivals charm'd, of Old,
When fiery Youths in whirling Chariots roll'd!
Then, the watch'd Signal bad the Rank disjoin;
And ruſhing Wheels diſſolv'd the breaking Line:
Strain'd to th' expanded Whip's impulſive Sound,
Light leap'd th' exulting Axles o'er the Ground:
'Twixt crowding Nations, partial, panting, gay,
The prais'd plum'd Heroe *ſkim'd* the leſſ'ning Way.

The ſmoaking Steeds obey'd the watchful Rein,
And winding warlike, ſwept the ſhouting Plain.
Now, graceful *rais'd*, now *pendent* in Carier,
High, and far-glitt'ring, ſhone the Charioteer;
Firm in his Seat, ſuperior in his Mien,
Flew o'er the Courſe, and flam'd along the Green:
Martial in Geſture, Eminent in Grace,
His Birth and Grandeur light'ning from his Face.

Or, if to ſweeter Conteſt match'd he mov'd,
And, in ſome *Ball*, led the kind Hand he lov'd,
The modeſt Fair, ſlow through the mazy Dance,
Swam to the love-ſick Soul, in ſoft Advance.
No light coarſe *Friſking* kick'd off Woman's Air:
No ſtrong, ſtretch'd, Limb out-trod Attraction, there.
Decent their Pleaſures, and diſcreetly weigh'd;
Active the Youth, and delicate the Maid.
Honour, by Elegance, its Right maintain'd;
And, Thought correcting Rapture, Prudence reign'd.

MOURNFUL MELPOMENE, with *Tragic* Frown,
Spoke next: and thus deplor'd a taſteleſs Town.
Why ſtrove the *Scenic* Muſe to ſhine, in vain,
Where Wit is Levity, and Art is Gain?
Where Law's blind Hope wou'd curb Corruption's Rage,
Yet, left undue *Contempt* to taint the Stage?
Hence, Theatres, neglected into Shame,
Catching at Concourſe, Purity diſclaim.
By Pow'r deſerted, make their humbler Court
To Rake, and Rancour, or to Fool and Sport.
Piqu'd to Reprizal, unconfed'rate Wit,
Noting the *popular*, evades the *fit*,
Then, the Play plots on State-craft, laughs at Truth:
Miſguides Allegiance, or unſinews Youth.
Thither crowds Faction, to be taught Complaint:
Where Pow'r, the *Martyr*, might have reign'd, the *Saint*.
There, Wiſdom bleeds, by Pleaſure's feath'ry Dart:
And Love's looſe Hand unſtrings the ſlacken'd Heart.

There,

There, Diſcontent firſt trys her vain'rous Force;
Hints, and finds *Help*, and *dares* her daring Courſe.
There, Froth, Farce, Flattʼry, Chance, Sedition, rule:
And Virtue ſcarce finds Place, in Virtue's *School*!

FAREWELL, forſaken Stage.—When *Cæſars* refuſe
To *urge* Wit's wandʼring Rein, ſhe *ſtarts* a *Muſe*.
Hail! from AFAR—Thou, fate-foretelling Light!
Beaming *prognoſtic*, through the Eye of Night!
Kindling a hundred Realms, thʼenlivʼning Flame
Wings the wakʼd Energy of courted Fame.
There, Empire flaſhing into Glory's Blaze,
Conſcious Intention bluſhes not at Praiſe.
There, ſpurring Virtue, Wit has leave to *mean*:
And Powʼr, exciting Paſſion, prompts the *Scene*.

So *muſt it be*, ere Tragic Fire is felt!
But, where grave Thoughts are Marks, for Fools to pelt.

Where

Where tir'd, illit'rate, viewleſs, yawning Pride
Muſt hear, unliſt'ning, and, un-taught, decide,
There, let loſt *Sentiment* miſpoint no Beam;
To hope, were Blindneſs: and to wiſh, a Dream!

Up leap'd Thalia, glowing red with Rage,
Fir'd and indignant at a farceful Age.
Shall *Comedy*'s inſulted Muſe, ſhe cry'd,
Hold *Hoops*, to *Tumblers*! —— ——
She paus'd, —— unable to proceed; —— ſigh'd ſtrong;
Repell'd the big Diſdain —— and trac'd her Wrong.

Shall Comedy, for ſworded *Harlequin*,
Split *Lathes*? and arm him, for the mimic Scene!
While *He*, proud Impotence! with modiſh Strut,
Cocks bluff, diffuſive of his *wooden Cut*!
Muſt ſhe *ſwing Gypſies* o'er the winnow'd Pit,
Mounting *Poſteriors*, in Defect of *Wit*!

Or

Or clap ſome *human Whirlwind*'s bluſt'ring Rage,
That, o'er twelve Heads deſcending, ſhakes the Stage!
Stare, while th' unmanly Reptile's wriggling Twiſt
Threads the ſtay'd Ladder, and deſcends, *unbiſs'd*?
Or, for the Rope-Aſpirer's jirkful Tread,
Shall ſhe poize right their emblematic *Lead*?

No. —— Let implor'd Expulſion wing me thence!
Far let me fly, to ſome fair Seat of Senſe:
Where Life's ſtol'n Humour glows with mirthful Grace,
And Comic Picture copies Nature's Face.
Where imag'd Paſſion, dear to the Polite,
Leaves low Buffoon'ry to the Rabble's Right.
Tir'd, yet untaſk'd, let me no longer wait,
Laughing unheeded, —— at the laughing *Great*:
While, with the Roar of Boys, to Tricks they run,
Which Mobs ſhou'd ſhout at, and the Wiſe ſhou'd ſhun.
Gravely, good Souls! reſerving ſolid Scorn,
For Thoughts, to feel whoſe *Force*, Themſelves were *born*.

WARM'D in Wit's Cauſe, lamenting Genius loſt,
Nor taſting Ecſtaſy, at Judgment's Coſt,
Liſt'ning GERMANICUS, with penſive Grace,
Revolv'd wiſh'd ſoft'nings, for a pitied Race:
When, like a Trumpet pouring Muſic's *Flood*,
Speaking CALLIOPE thrill'd through his Blood.

THERE was a Prince! am I bid me add, ere long,
There is: —— impulſive of the *Epic* Song.
Flame of imperial Prominence, He ſhin'd:
Terror, at once, and *Charm*, of Humankind!
All the ſoft Praiſe of ſocial Life his Due:
All the rais'd Pow'rs, of Arms, and Arts, he knew.
Fearleſs impell'd his Father's Fortune on:
And, in Youth's Dawn, a dazzling Victor, ſhone!
In Force reſiſtleſs, yet undaring Wrong:
Honeſt, in Vengeance! and in Pity, *ſtrong!*
Without,

Without, dwelt War, in all her thund'ring Dins;
While Peace, in all her Still-nefs, wept, within.
Form'd for a Lover, for a Thinker taught;
Bloodleſs, *reflective*, Eminence, He ſought:
Born to be *greateſt*, chooſe but to be *beſt*:
But Heav'n, that knew his Uſe, forbad his Reſt.
Then, from the Calms of conqu'ring *Thought*, he roſe,
Glow'd in tempeſtuous *War*, and ſcorn'd Repoſe.
Uncrown'd, gave Crowns, at Will, their *Terms* untry'd;
And, *more* than reigning, *without* reigning dy'd.

SUCH, though the Land I *leave* cou'd flow to me, ſtill,
Calm Seaſons call not for a Pilot's Skill.
Peace is the Bleſſing, Commerce loves to chuſe:
But *War*, and *Glory*, aſk the *Epic Muſe*.
Farewel, ſure Subject of my future Song!
When, riſing flameful at a *People*'s Wrong,
In Times yet diſtant, Thy rememb'ring Hand
Lets looſe *Correction* at ſome foreign Land.

Then, loud as Thy Applauſe, reclaim us, All:
And every Muſe of Nine ſhall wait thy Call.

SPEAKING ſhe roſe: and, with her, riſing ſlow,
Her Eight ſad Siſters, ſighing, turn'd to go.
Lively upſtarting from his ſhadow'd Seat,
Stay, cry'd the Prince, alarm'd, — ſuſpend Retreat.
Juſt though your Anger, yet Revenge forbear:
Left, taught by Muſes, Man forgets to *ſpare*.
Too ſoon, degen'rate Nature warps awry,
The Bad to copy, and the Good to fly.
Have you beheld Wit's Stream *diſcolour'd* glide,
And pour'd loft Azure on th' unconſcious Tide?
Think the Blame *yours*, who Heav'n's beſt Tincture bring,
To ſtain the Current, yet neglect the *Spring*!
Wou'd you, at once, *caerulean* Depth renew?
And, gayly bright'ning, flush th' Improvement, *through*?
High, at the *Source*, th' infuſive *Tinge* beſtow:
And ev'ry downward Drop ſhall tinctur'd flow.

BUT,

BUT, while, a *Vagrant*, Inſpiration ſtrays,
And, here and there, unlicens'd Pow'r diſplays,
Though ſep'rate individual *Strollers* ſhare
Some uncollective Scatt'rings, of your Care;
This Way, and That, though ſome faint Flint of Light
Gleams, like a Meteor, and ſhrinks back in Night,
Or, mingling Beams, to form ſome deathleſs Blaze,
Once in an Age, You, POPES, or THOMSONS, raiſe:
All the loſt Labour ſerves but to expreſs
How wide our Wants! how thinly we poſſeſs!
Till the *Day breaks*, expect no gen'ral Glow:
For, the Sky darken'd, keeps all dark, below.

HERE, for Wit's *Fountain*, dream not of a *Court*.
Falſe and injurious, ſlight th' unweigh'd Report.
Meant, for a Clime, where *Thrones* appropriate Pow'r,
And One Man's Paſſions All Mens Rights devour.

But,

But, in free States, where Liberty may *chuſe*,
Taſte knows no *Monarch*, and obeys no *Muſe*.
Senates their Muſes, *Property* their Aim,
Their Boaſt but *Safety*; and their Plaything *Fame*.

NO — wou'd your willing Culture waſte no Toil;
Wou'd your Bays thrive, in a reluctant Soil?
Ductile of Form, and changing Shapes at Will;
Aſſume *new* Sex, new Names, new Views, *new Skill*;
Safe, in ſage *Politics*, conceal your *Wit*;
Then, by my Bounty, *qualify'd* to ſit
Nine *Corniſh* Boroughs might aſſign you Place,
Where, mix'd unthought of, You may ſhun Diſgrace.
There, breathing unſuſpected Influence, *lurk*,
Till patient Progreſs crowns your arduous Work.
Thence, ſhall deſcending Radiance *Taſte* convey;
And willing Kingdoms make the *Muſes* Way.
Till, Time ſlow favring, You may quit Diſguiſe,
And wear Wit, *plain*, among th' unlaughing Wiſe.

PAUSING,

PAUSING, He ſmil'd Humanity, to kind,
That ev'ry Muſe was touch'd, and chang'd her Mind:
All bow'd Conſent, to His grave Purpoſe wrought;
And, thus, URANIA voic'd her Siſter's Thought.

BORN to a People's *Hearts*, their DARLING, Thine!
Let ev'ry Wiſh, and Hope, and Joy, be Thine!
Mov'd by the magic Mercy of Thy View,
We feel good Counſel, and embrace it too.
One ſole *Condition* grant, and we obey:
No dang'rous *Notice* muſt detect our Stay!

Hid in *Thy Grove*, each menial Muſe ſhall claim
Domeſtic Shelter from Reproach and Shame:
Till, by thy Scheme, their yet unriv'd *Friend!*
Then, ſhewn the World, and *priviledg'd* to pleaſe,

Seen at *Aſſemblies*, Belles may Jokes forbear:
Nor, ſhocking modeſt *Strangers*, turn and *ſtare!*

THUS, in his Shade, from public Pain exempt,
Sleeping, the Viſionary Poet *dreamt*.
Then wak'd; and found his ſparkling PRINCE was there:
But ev'ry empty *Muſe* was loſt in Air.

Shortly will be publiſhed, &c.

An ESSAY *on the* Merits *of* ASSASSINATION;

With a VIEW to

The Dictator's True Character;

AND

His Deſigns on the *Roman* Republick.